The Commonweal

March 14, 1952

Crusader in Canada

J. E. Belliveau

Jung and the Supernatural

Victor White

RICHARD HAYES • GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN • JOE DEVER

FRANCIS DOWNING • DAVID BURNHAM

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"Measuring Up" to a Saint

In France and England during the Middle Ages it was the custom of wealthy parishioners to donate candles tall as themselves for use on shrine altars.

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The Commonweal

WEEK BY WEEK

Brief Moment?

WHATEVER hopes were offered by the prospect of the Lisbon NATO conference seemed to have been dampened by the sentiment revealed in both French and Grman parliaments on its very eve. Both deliberative assemblies seemed to have gone out of their way to cripple the proceedings in advance. Diplomats and journalists descended on the Portuguese capital in a somber mood.

Slowly their burden lightened. At the end of six days a degree of harmony had been reached that could scarcely have been foreseen. The delegates of the conferring powers agreed upon immediate objectives for joint military strength that were far from negligible. They arrived at an acceptable formula for Germany's contribution to the Atlantic defense effort. They settled on a permanent Paris headquarters and a number of other important elements in the NATO organization itself.

Observers were struck by the spirit of mutual confidence that resulted from the attainment of so much in the way of solid agreement. Except for a few sour notes on the part of extreme anti-Administration journals, the results were warmly hailed in the American press.

Since then hopes of the West have gone into a new decline. The Faure cabinet has fallen on the issue of raising taxes to meet French commitments—and no successor is in sight. Britain's economic position also grows increasingly desperate and she is constrained sharply to cut back her armament plans. Meanwhile the demand for economy in Washington threatens the American commitment even as Mr. Truman prepares to go to bat for the full appropriation for foreign aid. And Senator Tom Connally, from his eminence as head of the Foreign Relations Committee, impatiently warns France to get down to business if she is to expect more American help.

Can it be that the Lisbon meeting constituted but a brief moment when understanding was reached all round? Was it just that the statesmen present succeeded in reaching such a pitch of good fellowship that differences appeared dissolved? Some American commentators would now go so far as to say that any enthusiasm was spurious, that actually the conference was a failure.

It should be obvious that concurrence on certain means of taking age-old rivalries into account and of seeking to build up immediate defenses does not thereby obliterate persistent obstacles. Agreements have to be ratified at home; pledges have to be redeemed in terms of appropriations; chronic impasses, national fears and all sorts of technical difficulties remain to be surmounted.

But apparently Lisbon did mark a new stage of common determination, and a certain limited progress in joint defense continues steady. It is easy to point to weak spots all over the globe and wring one's hands; our vulnerable points are plentiful. But if we all keep at it, NATO gives promise of developing into something substantial that may one day put to flight any possibility of a Soviet military threat to the West.

"Hysteria" and the Hysterical

THE *New Leader* in its March 3rd issue opens a public hearing on "hysteria" in America. The eminent and argumentative Bertrand Russell is the man immediately responsible for the discussion. He recently published in the Manchester *Guardian* an article which included the assertion that the United States is today as much a police state as Germany under Hitler and Russia under Stalin. Russell says of the present Soviet-American conflict: "You ask, 'Doesn't the issue of freedom vs. slavery, of democracy vs. totalitarianism enter into the equation at all?' I reply no. Not at all."

We would prefer to believe that Mr. Russell is

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saying this sort of thing for the sake of the noise and flash produced, the argument and reconsideration provoked, than in the character of a responsible journalist. Such a statement made seriously is incredible.

But Mr. Russell speaks for an increasing body of political thought in Europe. The sentiment is supported to a degree by Graham Greene, who said recently that America is living in a "state of fear." Accepting the Catholic Literary Award for fiction, Greene made two statements: "I think of myself as an author who happens to be a Catholic. I think that by order of the Attorney General of the United States [my talk] will be even shorter."

Mr. Greene was angered by the miserable treatment given him under the undiscriminating provisions of the McCarran Law—a law that *can* be called a product of fear. But he contributes to the fog.

Saying what they do, Russell and those who support him have certain justification in the dreary, propaganda-filled barrages laid down regularly by Wisconsin's junior senator; in the numberless, faceless publications that appear, blast everybody from Edward R. Murrow to the Alsop brothers, from Bertrand Russell to Graham Greene, and retreat into libel-proof insinuations and equivocations.

But you have to tell the smoke from the fire. Small smudge pots make much smoke. We will listen to Mr. Russell with the respect his present remarks do not deserve when "fear" in America destroys the right Wisconsin voters have of bringing their senator home. When the independent newspapers and magazines stop printing editorials like this one, and statements like Mr. Russell's. When Mr. Russell answers the distinction drawn by the *New Leader's* editors between *governmental* persecution and *personal* attack; when he answers their question "what unorthodox opinions are being suppressed and by whom?"

Until then we choose to consider the body of opinion Mr. Russell represents an asinine oversimplification, and a refuge for the intellectual neutralists—the men who prefer the all-embracing charge to the complexity of the truth of the matter. Men who, at that, are not so distant in their methods from Senator McCarthy.

NEXT WEEK

GEORGE N. SHUSTER writes about how Reason has come full circle in Europe.

"For intellectuals who rose against Louis and his pretty Queen nothing seemed more definitive than the logic and the knowledge of a new generation of social scientists who had ushered in a progress assured by the universe. This certainty was questioned during the ensuing century but the time-spirit resolutely upheld it. . . . But at the present time the West has departed radically from its recent confidence in all this, so that the heir to the shrine of reason is Russian Marxism, which is a commitment to a blind faith."

Still Only Forty-eight

THE question of statehood for Alaska and Hawaii recurs periodically. It was pledged in a vague general way in both 1948 party platforms. Votes taken in the two territories in the past twelve years indicate that the inhabitants in each case aspire to statehood. They have the requisite population; both lands are of considerable strategic and economic importance to the continental United States.

In line with our admission policy before the Civil War (one slave state coming in with one free state) the two territories have been considered as constituting one package. For Alaska is predominantly Democratic and Hawaii Republican. The trouble with the formula is that for different reasons representatives of both territories would be expected to favor civil rights legislation—the program advocated by Mr. Truman and vehemently opposed by Congress' Southern bloc. Echoes of the Civil War supplied the main reason that the bill embodying statehood for Alaska was defeated in the Senate by one vote.

Nearly three-quarters of Alaska's one hundred and twenty-nine thousand residents are Caucasians (Eskimos and Indians are few and miles between). As a new state it would support civil rights bills in Congress along with Northern Democrats. Four times as populous, Republican Hawaii would send representatives favoring the same course, since its population is predominantly non-Caucasian. This was the issue as the Southern Senators saw it and statehood has again been denied.

Such a decision overlooks the wishes and the well-being of the fellow-citizens involved. It unnecessarily protracts their status of tutelage; each territory now has but one delegate to the House of Representatives in Washington and even he has no power to vote. In Alaska's case, particularly, development of vast potential resources is held back by refusing it full statehood status. The halfway commonwealth, or dominion, rank sug-

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gested by Senator Smathers of Florida, as he opposed the statehood bill, barely deserves serious notice.

Alaska has been refused statehood largely in order to forestall a federal anti-lynching law, a permanent, compulsive FEPC and other Civil Rights measures; Hawaii's fate looks bleak. If the men who defeated statehood gave but little thought to the American citizens most vitally affected, they appear to have taken even less cognizance of world opinion. How will this action affect the peoples of the East? What will the Soviets make of it? And what of the European powers who have such difficulty in squaring our anti-colonial sentiments with the present status of the American Negro? Extreme regionalism and economy-mindedness have combined here to deny political rights and impair American prestige.

Senator Russell's Hat

IF ANY further confirmation of the fact were needed, the announcement by Senator Russell of Georgia that he would seek the Democratic nomination for the Presidency has supplied one more indication of the extent and fervor of Southern hatred for President Truman's Civil Rights program and the entire Fair Deal. The strategy behind the Southern announcement is clear enough and just about as subtle as a cocked .45 at the temple. "Drop Truman and play down Civil Rights," the Southerners are saying to the Democratic Party, "or it will cost you the election."

It should be noted that the present Southern revolt is potentially much more disastrous for the Democrats than the Dixiecrat rebellion of 1948. In that election the Dixiecrats were able to cost Truman the votes of only thirty-nine electors. Even that small number could have defeated Truman if it had not been for his amazingly good showing in normally Republican areas.

The present Southern drive has enlisted the support of many men like Senator Russell who were not previously involved with the Dixiecrats. As a result the movement stands a very good chance of commanding better than one hundred electoral votes. The Presidential race would not have to be very close for the loss of that many votes to spell defeat for the Democrats.

Southern Democrats who hope their announcement will convince Mr. Truman of the futility of running again may be in for a surprise. The President fancies himself as a scrapper, and the Southern attack might persuade him to try for a repeat on his coup in '48.

Should Mr. Truman decide not to make the race, the Southern revolt may die out by convention time, even if the nominee is someone who endorses the Civil Rights program. Over the years Southern resentments have become very personalized and now center on Mr. Truman himself.

If Southern politicians choose to be realistic, they may settle for party regularity and any Democratic candidate, Fair Deal or otherwise, provided his name is not Truman; they know very well that no Civil Rights legislation can pass without their consent, party platform or no.

Whatever the consequences of the Southern revolt for the coming election, it does bring into national prominence once more a serious weakness in American political life—the existence of what is virtually a one-party system throughout the South. Until recent years party leaders could count the South as solidly Democratic even before the ballots were printed. But on other occasions and in less obvious ways the political situation in the South has worked to the advantage of the Republicans. Witness the amiable working alliance between Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans to circumvent Fair Deal legislation.

For astute seekers after the GOP presidential nomination, the feeble condition of the Republican party in the South also holds certain definite advantages. Despite their year-in, year-out failure to win much popular support, or, in some cases, even to make a determined effort in that direction, Southern GOP leaders arrive at every nominating convention with a tidy bloc of delegates at their disposal. Every four years such leaders must be courted by the various candidates for the sake of the convention votes they command.

For many Southern GOP leaders, all this adds up to a very comfortable situation indeed, and they too acquire a vested interest in perpetuating a moribund system in which their leadership will not be vigorously challenged.

Like many a political truism, the idea that the South is inalterably Democratic needs challenging. There is, for example, considerable Southern sentiment on behalf of General Eisenhower. This feeling has shown little if any signs of weakening since Ike declared himself a Republican.

The use of some campaign money and the infusion of new blood into the Republican Party in the South might eventually signal the end to the one-party system in that section. Whatever the outcome of the coming election, such a change could only work to the benefit of the South itself and of the nation as a whole.

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The Living Center

FROM time to time specific issues of censorship and free speech arise when we (of THE COMMONWEAL) find ourselves, as Catholics, in a somewhat ambiguous position. On the one hand we run the danger of being identified with a "liberal" philosophy with which we are notoriously out of sympathy; on the other, we often cannot go along with the reasoning of some of our co-religionists, whose basic philosophy we decidedly do share.

It seems to be good "liberal" doctrine that "man is a law unto himself," or, in other words, that individual judgment and choice confer upon the one making them a moral "right" to do, or write, or say what he pleases. This, of course, is based on the notion that there is no objective wrong or right or, if there is, that the line where the moral law is drawn is too hazy for modern man.

Another popular belief has it that mere political authority (in this country the required number of votes) is the the only real sanction a positive law needs. Thus if tomorrow euthanasia were to become the law of the land, one need not consider it in relation to any natural or divine law; the political authority backing it up would be enough.

Both these ideas are completely out of harmony with Catholic thought. Indeed they were specifically, and vigorously, condemned by Pope Leo XIII. If American democracy were actually founded on such principles—as apparently some people are beginning to think—then the critics of Catholicism would be right: Catholicism and Americanism would be wholly incompatible. The United States would be a monument to moral relativism and free-wheeling secularism.

But is the American concept of civil liberties, or civil rights, rooted in such a philosophy? I think not. Our fathers in this country neither denied the objective moral law nor glorified the omnipotent state. They began the Declaration of Independence with the idea that there are such things as human rights which transcend whatever claims the state might make. Moreover they defined these rights as God-given.

Then they went on with the understanding that the actions and functions of the state were necessarily controlled by recognition of these God-given rights. Their theory does *not* come under the heading of what Leo XIII condemned as "liberalism." When people equate the American doctrine with the beliefs of the continental liberalists, incarnated in the Third French Republic, they are, I think, doing violence to the American idea itself.

Much confusion arises from the dual use of the simple word 'rights.' A right may express a moral empowerment (as the right to marry, the right to a living wage), or it may express a negative moral immunity. As Dean Russell pointed out in these pages last week, the Bill of Rights is actually a bill of prohibitions. When we speak of 'civil rights,' it is generally this sense that we have in mind. Religious liberty, for instance, means that I am free from state coercion where theological belief or worship is concerned. Free speech means that I need not fear a policeman every time I say something erroneous, or stupid, or irrational, or controversial, or unconventional, or unorthodox.

American civil rights are based on the idea that there are certain areas where the state calls a halt on its own powers—better, where the people themselves call a halt on the state. There are certain key aspects of life which Americans have simply put beyond the competence of the political authority.

Civil rights are *not* based on the idea that the citizen, by virtue of being an American, somehow gains a positive right, independent of the objective moral law or any other reality, to evolve his own morality. Yet if I choose to accept this fashionable position, I remain free, as far as the state goes, from any interference with my belief. But I have not, for that reason, been given any reason to wrap my philosophy in the flag. No militia will move in if I hold that all religions are equally true (or equally false), but that doesn't necessarily objectify my belief or make it an American patriotic touchstone.

Our forefathers served us well. From a practical distrust of unnecessary state interference, they limited political authority drastically on such questions as religion, culture and the exchange of ideas. Their concept of government succeeded in serving a multiplicity of persons without destroying the claims of orthodoxy.

The important distinction they drew was one between society and the state (the political instrument of society). To certain voluntary social groupings (today, the churches, education, labor unions, employers associations, fraternal organizations) they wisely reserved functions which can be better—and with much less danger to liberty—be performed by free communities with no weapon but the doctrine of consent. The minimum needed to maintain public order and the basic requirements of the positive common good were the standards they chose to measure the empowerments given their brave new adventure in government.

These are still the standards by which we judge overt police action or any state interference in the political, cultural and religious areas of life. When such issues arise it is customary but usually distractingly beside the point to belabor the errors of the "liberal" philosophy itself or even the monstrous aberrations which often claim immunity from state interference. It is rarely the idea put forth in the controversial movie or play or book that is being defended—nor even, in the strict sense, the author's "right to say it."

What is in question is whether the forced suppression is absolutely necessary if public order is to be maintained, whether the suppression is positively required by the demands of the common good. All Americans, it seems to me, should be very, very slow to call a cop in these cases. As a general rule, public order and the common good are best served by trusting, as our fathers did, in the free exchange of ideas. As long as we are free, the good, the true and the beautiful will usually get a sympathetic hearing.

JOHN COGLEY.

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Crusader in Canada

Father Levesque of Laval says the stakes are too high to let anti-Communism become a campaign tom-tom.

By J. E. BELLIVEAU

THERE is an idea abroad in French Canada, blowing out of ancient Laval University in Quebec like a fresh spring wind but with all the zing of a winter gale behind it. It is the idea that an intellectual élite can change the world with an ideal of social justice. Not that the élite will confine its work to the élite, but precisely the opposite.

In Laval they have the feeling that Communism cannot be defeated by words or even arms, but "by acts, positive acts, prudently audacious acts, of reform in the life and social and economic structures of our society." These words of Father Georges-Henri Levesque, O.P., dean of the faculty of social sciences at Laval, are the key to what is being done there. Father Levesque adds: "It is only by these acts that we can recognize those who still fight for liberty and who have enough brains to repair their ship before the waves can swamp it."

Until 1920, Laval had only four faculties, theology, medicine, law and the arts, but about that time the university branched out into the sciences under the leadership of two notable scientists, Alexandre Vachon, one of the continent's outstanding chemists who had graduated from M.I.T., and Dr. Adrien Pouliot, now dean of the faculty of sciences. Father Vachon was later to be Rector and is now Archbishop of Ottawa.

Whereas all the faculties in 1920 had only about five hundred students, there are now at Laval more than thirty-five hundred in graduate studies alone. It is one of the largest exclusively graduate schools in America. The majority of students are in the sciences.

Through most of its life, Laval had been a strictly classical academy in the old French sense, with its accent on theology and the humanities. Because French Canada grew introspective, after the Conquest in 1763 by the British and the eventual national domination by the English, Laval reflected the general spirit. Its principal aim seemed to be to preserve only the old colonial French traditions, and of course the Catholic Faith. Laval had become what many outside Quebec considered a seat of reaction, and there was some basis for this attitude.

Yet today it is undoubtedly the most progressive university in Canada and certainly among the most progressive in North America. Behind the great burst in the sciences, Catholicism remains, permeating all its thinking; the civilizing influence of the humanities still colors everything else.

An example of what has been done is seen best in the faculty of social sciences, where Father Levesque is building his new idea.

Levesque himself studied in Europe and in the U. S., after taking his earlier studies with the Dominicans and at Laval. The members of his social science faculty now are all young, all new, with a few exceptions. For their doctorates the priest sent them to Louvain, to the London School of Economics, to Columbia and Harvard, to Notre Dame and Chicago, to Toronto and Oxford and the Sorbonne.

There are powerful forces in Quebec, particularly the present illiberal political chief of the province Maurice Duplessis, who are representative of the old order, and the new Laval has not progressed without troubles. One symptom of the general battle in Quebec was evidenced in the forced resignation of the progressive Archbishop Charbonneau of Montreal two years ago. Another was seen when the socially advanced editor of the French-language *Jesuit Relations* in Montreal, Father d'Auteuil Richard, had to resign.

It came again when, during Laval's campaign for ten million dollars (part of an eventual one hundred million, to build a complete new university city for Laval), the university asked help from the provincial government.

The province made a grant of four million dollars but had not paid it all when Premier Duplessis found himself displeased with Father Levesque and his work. The Premier twice made attempts to have the Dean dismissed but failed. The remaining sum of five hundred and fifty thousand

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Mr. Belliveau is a Canadian journalist who writes for the Toronto Star.

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dollars in the grant has not been paid and the Premier has let it be known that he won't pay it as long as Father Levesque is Dean.

Archbishop Maurice Roy, of Quebec, is the Chancellor of Laval, but it seems unlikely he will ever be party to anything that would unseat Father Levesque. The Archbishop does not intervene in politics or in the university's operations. The Rector, Monsignor Ferdinand Vandry, has given Father Levesque full support, as has the superior of the Dominicans. Further, Father Levesque has had the approbation of the Holy See itself. Beyond all this, Mr. Duplessis and his forces are losing political ground swiftly.

FATHER LEVESQUE, an extremely busy man, sat as a commissioner on the Canadian Royal Commision on the Development of Arts, Sciences and Letters which recently issued a notable report which will affect Canadian cultural life for generations to come. He was a member of the Canadian Youth Commission. He is chairman of the Canadian Political Science Association.

Father Levesque has by now become a tremendous influence in Quebec, and his influence is spreading slowly through English-speaking Canada as well.

His social philosophy as it affects Communism was illustrated in an address before an industrial relations conference recently. Attacking what I will call the "McCarthy attitude" he said: "The sincere man does not see Communism under the aspect of a set of people who have different ideas from his, or who obstruct his path, or of whom he should be afraid. He sees it as the enemy of man, as the enemy of the human person which it crushes with all the force of its totalitarianism. It is because we believe in man and love humanity that we reject Communism."

To battle Communism effectively, he said, two things are necessary: "It means primarily that we must first and foremost do battle in the realm of ideas. This presupposes an effort to acquire knowledge, objective, intense and often painful. When one has an enemy to fight the first and most important thing to do is to find out what he is. Moreover, a true knowledge of Communism will deliver us from insipidity and the vain battle of words which flies about its name, from the empty platitudes, eternally repeated, which give the illusion of thought on the subject and which actually end in lulling to sleep the essential fears which it is so necessary to keep alive. . . . Let us understand this well: the struggle against Communism must not be a battle of words but a battle of ideas.

"Secondly, we must wage a war that is positive and practical. Anti-Communist declarations, however vehement, inflamed and aggressively patriotic they may be, are sometimes nothing but wind, and mere rhetoric has never solved a social problem.

"Communism is the bitter fruit of social injustice, and there is only one intelligent way to combat it; that is to prevent it by doing away with its causes, which are the misery of the people, social injustice, economic insecurity, the exploitation of man by man."

And then he said, in what was at the time an almost direct thrust at M. Duplessis: "We will never establish social justice by mere speeches; only acts, positive acts, prudently audacious acts of reform in the life and social structure of our society can save us from the dictatorship of the proletariat."

Father Levesque speaks of negative anti-Communism as "a subterfuge, a dodge, a reaction of the weak and timorous. It is the least effective measure there is. The true anti-Communists are those who build the new society with bold projects inspired by justice and love." He has also said that "the stakes are too high and the values menaced by Marxism too great for us to let anti-Communism become a soporific or a mere tom-tom for election campaigns."

They had been charged at Laval with the "crime" of teaching Communism, because Marxism was explained and exposed—to a group whose basic philosophy was that of St. Thomas—so the students could know what they fought. Of this, Father Levesque once remarked:

"We are trying with the greatest sincerity to have a thorough knowledge of Communism in order to combat it. We are especially endeavoring to forestall it by searching in full academic liberty for the theoretical and practical solutions to social problems.

"Nothing shall stop us, neither slanders nor threats, no matter where they come from, for we are the children of Him who told us not to hide our light under a bushel, and Who said one day on the Mountain: 'Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after justice, for they shall have their fill.' "

All this the Dominican dean had said with the approval of his superiors after the Premier had made his charges. How many universities and religious orders would have so approved in North America?

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CHALLENGES TO RELIGION: II

Jung and the Supernatural

By VICTOR WHITE

IT MAY seem odd to count the psychology of C. G. Jung as a challenge to religion. It is more usual to complain that, as Freud doffed the physician's coat for the professor's gown, so Jung, still more incongruously, has assumed the clergyman's surplice—if not the robes of the magician, the prophet, the mystagogue. Yet I think that the friendliness of Jung presents a far more serious and radical challenge to religion as we know it than did ever the hostility of Freud.

For Freud, religion was an obsessional neurosis. For Jung it seems to be rather the *absence* of religion that is at the root of most present-day neurosis among adults. In 1932 he wrote: "During the past thirty years, people from all the civilized countries of the earth have consulted me. . . . Among all my patients in the second half of life (that is to say, over 35) there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that everyone of them fell ill because he had lost that which the living religions of every age have given to their followers."

How did it come about, this diametrically opposite evaluation of religion—by two psychologists who once worked together in closest harmony, and considerable mutual admiration? Their early differences, on the surface at least, had nothing whatever to do with religion or philosophy. Jung was every bit as skeptical of both as was Freud. Theirs were wholly professional differences, concerned with the interpretation of actual psychological facts, and with what was, and was not, therapeutically successful.

The coming rift was already visible in Jung's *Wandlingen und Symbole der Libido,* written in 1911. Jung still accepted, even stressed, Freud's ideas about the origin, and the illusoriness, of religion. But he recognized that traditional religious beliefs and practices (whatever else they may have been) had in fact functioned as a sort of mass therapy, or at least as a preventive against the kind of neurosis that afflicts modern man. He still told us that, "the religious instinct feeds upon the incestuous libido of the infantile period"; but all that is becoming less important. Jung was already becoming skeptical of the value of reducing all psychological phenomena back to their origins in experiences of the patient's lifetime; the hoped-for, healing "abreaction" by no means always occurred; this stirring up of forgotten memories seemed often to have the effect of making the patient more and more absorbed in his own past and miseries.

BYGONE illusions were destroyed all right, but nothing positive and constructive took their place to enable him to cope with the present and the future. Jung was already beginning to see that the psychologist should attend, not just to the cause of the complex in the past, but its function in the present, its possibilities of growth and integration in the future.

Later, this will involve a complete revaluation of Freud's own conception of religion: from this new standpoint of growth and function, God — psychologically speaking—will be less an exalted, substitute Father, than the physical father, the child's little substitute for God.

But Jung was becoming fascinated with a new interest: the astonishing resemblances he found between the dreams and phantasies of modern people and the religious beliefs and ritual practices of past ages, not only in Europe but all over the globe. Soon it began to appear also that—at least in certain cases and stages of psycho-analysis—it was very much better for the patient's health and sanity to talk about these resemblances as they emerged in his dreams than to follow the old way of purely reductive analysis.

Later, Jung came to see that dream-symbols, for instance, were very much more than he and Freud had hitherto supposed. They had treated them as if they were merely signs and symptoms: sources of disguised information about the patient's repressions. But Jung began to notice that when, for instance, a patient has a series of dreams which resemble an ancient initiation-rite, they can have upon him very much the same effect as the rites were intended to have—release from the inhibiting family ties, a better adaptability to the demands of society. We have not exhausted all that is in a symbol when we have translated it into some scientific terminology; on the contrary, we have probably killed it. A living symbol does something to us; it moves us, shifts our center of awareness, changes our values. Whether it is just looked at, or heard, acted out, painted out, written out or danced out, it arouses not only thought, but delight, fear, awe, horror, perhaps a deeper insight. It is psychologically effective for good or ill in its own right, and not just a cipher for something else. A symbol, Jung will say, is the psychological machine which transforms psychic energy into work, much as a turbine transforms the untamed useless energy of a torrent into power that can be controlled and applied.

In particular (and already in his 1911 book) Jung noticed the frequent recurrence of the motif of *sacrifice.* No cure, no radical change of mentality (no change of mind or *metanoia* as the New Testament calls it) could come about, until the old ego had died; then only could rebirth or resurrection, recovery, take place—a new lease on life begin.

This is the second of a series of four articles by Father White of the English Dominicans.

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This alone was to make collaboration with the ego-centered psychology of Freud impossible. It was to show, too, that Freud had been mistaken, not in the facts but in his interpretation, when he saw incestuous union with the mother as the goal of libido. The longing for the return to the womb is itself symbolic as the pre-requisite to rebirth from the spirit, the Pneuma (as Christ had told Nicodemus).

TO CUT short a very long story, Jung has been brought to the conclusion that repressed religion is at the root of most of our modern *malaise,* both in the individual and in society. As he has written, "Whenever the Spirit of God is excluded from human consideration, an unconscious substitution takes its place." And again, "The gods have become diseases; not Zeus but the solar plexus now rules Olympus and causes the oddities of the professional office hour, or disturbs the brain of the politician and journalist who then unwittingly release mental epidemics. . . . When God is not recognized, selfish desires develop, and out of this selfishness comes illness."

To his Freudian colleagues who would accuse him of unconcern for scientific integrity when he calls a neurotic illusion divine, he answers—"It is not a matter of unconcern whether one calls something a 'mania' or a 'God.' To serve a mania is detestable and undignified: to serve a God is . . . rich in possibilities, because it means yielding to a higher, invisible and spiritual being." To theologians and others who accuse him of 'psychologizing' God, he answers that he does not say that God is 'nothing but' a psychological function, but that it is beyond the competence of empirical psychology to say more, and that (I quote again), "If I know that God is anyhow a mighty activity in my soul, at once I must concern myself with him; he can then become even unpleasantly important, and in practical ways too."

All this is, of course, very suspect to those who have been trained in the mechanistic traditions of the old schools of science—it was clearly very suspect to Jung himself for many years. In spite of the lessons of more recent developments in physics, it is still not easy to admit mysteries and imponderables into science, and risk the overthrow of cogent and comprehensible systems—even at the cost of disregarding manifest facts.

Those critics whose writings suggest that they are more solicitous for the tidiness of the psychiatrist's own mind than the health and happiness of their patients, will doubtless continue to dub Jung an unscientific mystic and mystifier: certainly Jung's later excursions into the more exotic byways of superstition and magic will do nothing to appease them. But Jung's work is hardly less disturbing to the professed theist and religious believer, even to a zealot for his creed or for his church. Perhaps even he has long ago ceased to think of God, and good and evil spirits, as ever-active influences in his own life and conduct; almost unwittingly he has so "objectified" them, so relegated them to the "supernatural," confined them to Sundays, that it has never occurred to him that their ceaseless activities could and should become empirically observable—and a challenge to searching self-examination.

IT WOULD be grossly misleading to quote Jung as an apologist for religion as he finds it among us today. And it is not as an apologist, but as a challenge that I see him. Doubtless there is much in his own published writings that has been, and will be, challenged—both by the theologian on one side, and by the scientist and the psychiatrist on the other. He himself would have it so; he asks us to take nothing on faith from him. His own challenge to the unprejudiced skeptic and unbeliever is obvious enough. His challenge to the professed believer is perhaps more subtle—but no less serious.

Western man fools himself when he thinks he has outgrown religion and has no need of God, as he is finding in the bitter Nemesis to his pretensions of self-sufficiency. But he *has* outgrown an infantile religiosity which is no more than an escape-mechanism, an outer and theoretic compensation for inner godlessness in practice. When the salt has lost its savor, it is indeed good for nothing but to be trodden down by men. If Jung's work, directly or indirectly, enables us to understand what is involved when we either affirm, deny or doubt the reality of God, his searching challenge will indeed be well met.

FROM EGYPT

No More Abadans for the British

THERE is a Wild-West atmosphere in the Suez Canal Zone these days. The British troops there (approximately sixty-nine thousand) are aware of their strength and behave now like the occupying rulers they actually are. The turbulent events at the end of January have cleared the air like a thunderstorm. The foreigner is on top and the "Gippos," or Egyptian "wogs" as they are called by British soldiers, are kept well under control, not only within reach of the British guns but all over Egypt. Lord Kitchener may well be proud of his people.

At the entrance to some of the officers' clubs there are signs: *"Guests are requested to unload their arms before entering the bar."* There are memos for soldiers like *"Watch your arms—the Egyptians need them!"* Following the brutal events in Ismailia and Cairo during the last days of January, there will be no more Abadans. For Abadan was always looming in the background. This seems to be understood not only in Egypt, but even in Iran.

Lieutenant-General Sir George Erskine, the British commander in the Suez area, is not merely a soldier, he is a shrewd politician who understands the native mentality. During the recent days of tension, sniping and sabotage between British and Egyptians, there was a great

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difference between what the British military spokesmen said in Ismailia and what their diplomatic spokesmen said at the Embassy in Cairo. The military were ruthless while the diplomats were most accommodating. Maybe these contradictory British voices led the British Ambassador's bewildered colleagues in Cairo to wonder which expressed England's policy and, if it were being expressed by the military, why the Ambassador made a fool of himself. It turned out that the military were right and apparently backed up by London all the time, according to their slogan: *No more Abadans!*

They had prepared themselves carefully, tolerating with angelic patience local sniping, sabotage and strikes, for weeks and months. Friday, January 25, a holiday for the Moslems, British troops surrounded the Egyptian police station in Ismailia before dawn. Eight hundred and fifty Egyptian policemen, some anti-British volunteers, surrendered to fifty British soldiers with three heavy Centurion tanks. In vain the Egyptians had been summoned repeatedly to surrender before the tanks went into action. Forty-two Egyptians were killed before the surrender. All they had to fight with were outdated rifles and submachine-guns which did just about as much harm to the tanks as if they had been resisting with stones. They were killed like cats or rabbits who had to be killed, as painlessly and quickly as possible.

Once the operation was finished, the wounded were taken care of and the rest of the prisoners sent to a detention camp which had been prepared beforehand. The camp was named "the Lobster Pot," as it was far too small for its prisoners, who seemed to be crawling over each other like lobsters in a pot before being boiled. The conclusion was that the natives got the lesson they had deserved ever since Abadan.

THE Nationalist reply to all this came twenty-four hours later. Fires and disorders broke out in Cairo. Three hundred million dollars worth of goods were destroyed and several innocent Europeans were burned alive or lynched in the most ghastly way. It was not just an outburst of primitive rage. Everything seemed to be carefully planned, apparently by the Communists, who in Egypt as in Iran are pushing the Nationalists ahead of them like a protecting screen. That evening, according to many European observers, the disorders were suddenly called off by the mysterious organizers themselves, before the Egyptian army moved in, after twelve hours delay, to take care of the last looters.

A violent reaction of this kind had been foreseen by the British Army. Everything was prepared not only in the Canal Zone but among the British garrisons in Sudan in the South and in Libya in the West, to complete an operation which has jokingly been called "Operation Put-your-clock-back," for it means an occupation of all Egypt, such as there was fifty years ago.

"We were as near to it as can be," General Erskine told me during an informal talk, "and in the future we are not going to tolerate any injury done to the twenty-five thousand British subjects in the Nile valley, including Cypriots and other people from our Colonies and Dominions. It's all up to the Egyptians now."

During the terrible Saturday when all Cairo was burning, an angry crowd gathered in front of the iron gates of the Abdin Palace where King Farouk is living. They carried big pictures of the King, which led his bodyguard to believe at first that they were going to pay tribute to him. But in front of the palace the pictures were abruptly spat at while the crowd shouted *"Down with the King! Go back to Albania!"* (The dynasty comes originally from Albania and the cry has a special significance now, as Albania is Communist.) The young Queen Narriman got her share too, despite the fact that she has recently borne a son. She could hear the crowd shouting: *"Go back to where you come from! Go back to your begging!"* The common people of Egypt, like the people of Belgium, do not appreciate the romantic aspect of their King's marrying a girl of humble origin. As a reply the King's bodyguard fired at the crowd, and several people were killed.

And the Egyptian Army? Half of it is in the desert area on the Asiatic side of the Canal zone, completely at the mercy of the British, who not only control its food supplies by holding certain bridges over the canal, but even its water supplies. The Egyptian Army is not allowed to move troops from one side of the bridge to the other.

The rest of the Egyptian forces, now helping the police to prevent any further uprising among the masses all over Egypt, could easily be dealt with by two armored British regiments, according to military observers in Cairo. So the present situation could not be better for Great Britain. She dominates Egypt as completely as if she occupied it, while the unpleasant occupation duties are actually performed by the Egyptian Army. General Erskine can well feel satisfied. And the situation provides the British Ambassador in Cairo with a strong bargaining position.

Are there any signs that the British troops are going to evacuate the Suez Canal area? None whatsoever. On the contrary, more matériel of all kinds is being moved in daily and new installations have been built for the welfare and security of the troops. Colored troops from Mauritius, off the coast of East Africa, are being rushed in, to replace the Egyptians as well as Cypriot volunteers. General Sir Brian Robertson, Commander-in-Chief of the Middle East, has his headquarters in Payid near the Bitter Lake. His command extends from Malta and Cyprus in the North, to Northern Rhodesia in the South, and from Mauritius in the East to Libya in the West. The Suez Canal Zone is the largest British military base outside England proper and is considered by British officers to be the backbone of the defense of the Middle East.

When I drove from Suez, following the canal to Ismailia and to Port Said, I had the impression of driving along the main street in a fantastic military town extending for more than seventy miles and consisting of thousands of Nissen huts, tents, depots, training grounds for tanks, radio stations, air fields and artillery, as far as can be seen. But all this by no means prevents the British diplomats from discussing an evacuation and a five-power

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occupation which would include Egyptian forces.

It is no wonder therefore that the present task of the Egyptian government is extremely difficult. If Egypt tries to come to an agreement with the British, which is the only reasonable, indeed the only possible, policy now, while the country is at the mercy of the British Army, it runs the risk of provoking violent reactions from irresponsible Nationalist forces maneuvered by the Communists. If it continues the old policy, aiming at the evacuation of the Suez area and the reunion of Sudan under the Egyptian crown (as the King has promised his people), it runs the risk of again losing control over these forces. Either way, it runs the risk of a still closer British control, if not actually of occupation.

An example of what the Egyptians feel might be what I saw in "the Lobster Pot," where the Egyptian prisoners are held. The prisoners are well treated by the British and the detention of most of them is temporary. The Egyptian police officers who surrendered at the police station are considered by the whole nation as heroes. Truckloads of gifts reach them from Cairo through the Red Crescent, which corresponds to the Red Cross. There were tons of the best Egyptian cigarettes, heaps of silk shirts, the finest woolen underwear, embroidered handkerchiefs, perfumes, eau de cologne, sweets, chocolate and every luxury in food one can think of. The gifts were handed over by high Egyptian officials in beautiful late-model Chryslers and Cadillacs, which made a striking contrast to the small, rather shabby cars of the British officers and to the general British austerity, strongly felt in the Suez area.

When the British officer who took me to "the Lobster Pot" brought me back to the officers' mess, where we were going to have lunch, he said: "You are lucky. Today we have our weekly fresh egg." The egg was preceded by a small quantity of ill-tasting soup and served with a spoonful of tinned peas and two small potatoes. This was followed by a tasteless reddish jelly and a glass of water.

GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN.

In the March 21 Issue of The Commonweal

George N. Shuster
on the Goddess of Reason

Robert Barrat
on French views of German rearmament

Victor White
on Fraser and comparative religion

John C. Cort
on remedies for the N. Y. waterfront

SO THEY TELL ME

Graham Greene and the Case for 'Disloyalty'

ALMOST simultaneously, Mr. Graham Greene has made two gifts to the United States. One is a book of critical essays called *The Lost Childhood,* which shall be happily available for a long time. The other is his brief and angered visit. The brevity of his stay he blames on our Attorney General, and the peculiar character of his entrance and his exit increases the sense of growing indecency which we must feel about ourselves. Mr. Greene has a right to feel angry, for our treatment of him reminds us of our spiritual poverty. Fear, once a cloud no bigger than a thin man's hand, grows fat and omnipresent in our national sky. Our liberty, our passionate love of it, which was once like an unsheathed sword in the conscience of other nations, grows less, and Mr. Greene is right to feel a sense of shame. Men whose entire careers reveal no ardent care for freedom make professional careers out of saving us from something they call Communism.

That it could seriously be thought that Graham Greene would carry the contagion and infect us is a fair measure of the intelligence and the precision of the authors of the McCarran Act. McCarran and McCarthy might sacrilegiously have met Mr. Greene on his arrival, with bell and book and candle to drive from his spirit the last few traces of germs. He then could have been driven through the streets like a former English king, his back rebuked by the lashes of the two corpulent and purple-togaed Senators. Out of the Roman Graham Greene we could have made a yelling Roman holiday.

Mr. Greene has a right to be angry that men in the United States could regard him as a subversive, or that they could pretend to do so. We have a right to take pride in his anger. That we feel the need to speak of his courage shines a light on the atmosphere of fear and the constriction of spirit which the two Senators have deliberately done so much to create. Since Mr. Greene has, as an artist, so identified himself with religion, we admire the more his pride in himself because we know that civil liberty is a condition of religious freedom. From him, more than from many others, we take seriously the observation that to be opposed to the works of McCarran and McCarthy is "almost the duty of Catholics."

I respect his reservation: to add "almost" is to refrain from prescribing; it is to recognize that each man must solve the moral problems of duty for himself, aided or limited by the character of his intelligence and of his conscience. The most the artist can do is to make justice or injustice visible. All else, it seems to me, must be left in Mr. Greene's own pregnant and almost frightening phrase, to "human beings abandoned to free will."

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HOW few of us in our lifetimes work out any theory, any belief, by which we live. How few live out our lives in the exile of our spirit. "I have hated iniquity," said a famous Pope, "and now I die in exile." We lose our power in losing our desire or our need to offend. We are betrayed, betray ourselves, and are content with being part of the anonymous and the common; undistinguished in our loyalty to our institutions—our school, corporation, union, church, state. We lack, and our society encourages us to lack, the courage, the constantly harassed hardihood required to live morally alone. For our beliefs have turned into orthodoxies, and in respect of them we court no martyrdom. We are, because we prefer to be, part of what David Riesman has called "the lonely crowd." We end, most of us, as part of the anonymous and unremembered dead.

All this is no new or sudden phenomenon. Its atmosphere, its pattern, its habit have not been invented by Senator McCarthy. In a sense he reveals us to ourselves; he has the indecent effrontery to exploit our fears. He has made a profession out of disclosing that as Americans we do not believe what we profess to believe. In our anxiety and our unease we require fidelity to our fetish of "loyalty." One by one, in Tocqueville's hushed phrase, we "noiselessly secede" from the positions of the Paines, the Thoreaus, the Parkers, the Altgelds of our prior history. To cite Tocqueville again, "the majority have ceased to believe what they believed before, but they still affect to believe, and this empty phantom of public opinion is strong enough to chill innovators and to keep them silent and at a respectful distance."

It is this willingness to become a particle in the mass which Rebecca West is protesting about, I take it, when she can write that "all men should have a drop or two of treason in their veins, if the nations are not to go soft like so many sleepy bears." If it is sufficiently strong a tincture it will save us from the corrosion of our institutions, within whose necessary framework, and under whose sheltering roof we have to live. For men who find it necessary to carry their differences, their oddities, deliberately about with them, we can, thus, have comprehension if not sympathy.

I wish Graham Greene, who knows all this, had not found it necessary to speak of Los Angeles as being under "a reign of terror." He is too important an artist, too acutely conscious of what his work as a novelist commands him to do, to speak so carelessly.

Few men have taken their gifted roles so seriously, are so aware of what, as novelists, they are doing, have so deliberately enlisted in the small army of integrity as Mr. Greene has. How far one has to go to find a writer of fiction speaking of his duty to society—and speaking of it like this: "It is my duty to society not to write: 'I stood above a bottomless gulf,' or 'Going downstairs, I got into a taxi,' because these statements are untrue. My characters must not go white in the face or tremble like leaves, not because these phrases are clichés but because they are untrue. This is not only a matter of the artistic conscience but of the social conscience too. We already see the effect of the popular novel on popular thought. Every time a phrase like one of these passes into the mind uncriticized, it muddies the stream of thought."

Mr. Greene will forgive me, I hope, if I suggest that with his own phrase "a reign of terror" he has muddied the stream of thought.

ALMOST all Europeans who observe us here in our own country testify to the degree of apprehensiveness we reveal about what we allege to be Communism, our increasing lack of power to be discriminating, to be fair, to be just, to pass sentence only when we have evidence, to protect even our enemies against injustice.

But what is arresting about Mr. Greene's observations is their relationship to the whole structure of his thought. He is a man whose left hand knows what his right hand is doing. Seldom, I think, have the novelist and the man been of such a piece, so perfectly integrated. It is not always clear to the artist what it is he is about. Often what the critic discovers about a particular work is more amazing to the artist than to anyone else. What the critics have made out of Joyce can be found in a volume called *James Joyce, Two Decades of Criticism.* From Keats to Hemingway, the authors must often have had occasion to think that the critics were writing about somebody else. But Graham Greene is amazingly aware of what he is trying to do, and of his power to do it.

He thinks that the writer is distinguished from other men by the fact that he has greater opportunities and therefore greater obligations than most. He thinks that it is part of his obligation, "a genuine duty we owe society, to be a piece of grit in the State machinery." He thinks that "disloyalty" is a virtue.

Given the fact that as a novelist Mr. Greene is preoccupied with the unrelenting contest evil wages against virtue, and given the fact, as he tells us in *The Lost Childhood,* that he was young when he discovered his pattern—"perfect evil walking the world where perfect good can never walk again"—his idea that disloyalty is a virtue startles and excites us. Equally as biting and original is his belief that it is the function of the novelist to act as the devil's advocate, "to elicit sympathy and a measure of understanding for those who lie outside the boundaries of State sympathy." These latter quotations I am borrowing from two letters of his—one to V. S. Pritchett, and the other to Elizabeth Bowen. They are to be found in a slender book called *Why Do I Write?* published in London in 1948.

I found these letters some months ago by accident, and I make use of them here because I think that they are illuminating in themselves, and because I think that they add importance to what Mr. Greene recently told us about ourselves. It must be agreed, I think, that they indicate that what he said was not the immediate fruit of spite, the consequence of swift and personal anger, the uncalculated observations of a thoughtless man.

They help, I think, to add to the distinction of Graham Greene as a novelist. From *Tom Jones* to *Ulysses,* novels have gone to bed drunk. From Dickens to Huxley, the English novel has been full of propaganda. But Greene's

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novels, as well as what he calls entertainments, have been full of pity, of the sympathy of comprehension. Greene is aware of this; he relates it to his virtue of "disloyalty." "Loyalty," he writes in one of the letters, "forbids us to comprehend sympathetically our dissident fellows; but disloyalty encourages us to roam experimentally through any human mind; it gives to the novelist the extra dimension of sympathy."

His belonging to the Catholic Church would, he says, present grave problems to him as a writer—the problem of edification for one—"were I not saved by my disloyalty."

Much of Greene's private universe becomes visible in these letters and in *The Lost Childhood*—essays rich in beauty, in perception, rich with integrity—and all that he writes with such astonishing perfection reveals why he thinks that it is "all the more necessary that we who can be disloyal with impunity should keep that ideal alive."

FRANCIS DOWNING.

The Screen

Long Live the Queen

IT IS seldom that a movie comes along with such universal appeal as *"The African Queen"*—a film dedicated to the indomitability of the human spirit. Its main theme concerns the journey down unchartered African rivers in a little steamboat made by the irresponsible, gin-drinking Canadian who owns the boat and an inexperienced but courageous spinster, the sister of a British missionary.

When Charlie rescued Rose, after her brother's death following an attack by the Germans on a native village during World War I, Charlie was all for sitting out the war on his river boat, the *African Queen,* which was well stocked with gin and other supplies. But Rose gets an idea of her own. Learning that Charlie's boat also has blasting gelatin and oxygen cylinders that could be made into torpedoes, she goads Charlie into accepting her fantastic scheme for going down the river and blowing up a German gunboat.

Actually you don't have to believe all the details of this perilous trip. With Charlie at the engine and Rose at the tiller they guide the *Queen* down rapids and past a German fort; they mend a broken propeller; they survive an attack of insects that will give you kinesthetic heebie-jeebies (and a later scene, after Charlie pulls the boat through a swamp and climbs on deck spotted with leeches, will make your skin crawl); their tortured bodies come down with fever and they wait for death.

You don't have to believe all the hardships through which they go. But you do have to believe in Charlie and Rose; and everything about S. P. Eagle's excellent production of "The African Queen" makes you believe in these two courageous people.

In the first place, James Agee and John Huston took C. S. Forester's novel and adapted it for the screen with a script that is a masterpiece of development in character. Then John Huston, who has shown his understanding of cinema and people in such outstanding films as "The Maltese Falcon," "Treasure of Sierra Madre" and "The Red Badge of Courage," directed this script so well that "The African Queen" now stands with his best. And the two leads in the cast responded to his direction with magnificent performances.

At the picture's start, Humphrey Bogart, without even a trace of his former gangster or greedy-tough roles, plays Charles Allnut as an unkempt, lower-middle-class drifter—kindly and manly enough to bury the missionary (Robert Morley) and rescue Rose, but lacking in gumption. Katherine Hepburn, almost without make-up or any attempt at adornment, plays Rose as a tight-lipped lady of some culture whose eyes have lost a little of their luster after ten years of missionary work in Africa, but who still has spirit and strong faith. Irked by her dangerous plan to blow up the German gunboat, Charlie tells her off one night when he is sotted with gin and calls her a crazy psalm-singing old maid. She fixes him the next day while he sleeps off his drunk; we see her sitting primly in the bow with a parasol in one hand while the other hand empties bottle after bottle of Gordon's—not even leaving him a hair of the dog.

Change comes over these two people as they live, work, suffer together on this thirty-foot river steamer. Charlie, inspired by Rose's zeal, acquires some of her drive and courage, and throws himself wholeheartedly into their project. Rose, dropping her missionary lectures ("Nature is what we're put in this world to rise above") begins to understand Charlie—and herself; she softens and soon thinks he is the bravest man who ever lived.

Half way through the film, they fall in love—no sentimental twaddle, but the real thing. The scene in which they realize their love for the first time is beautifully written and acted, and you almost feel like cheering when this lady, who has by now lost some of her stiffness, turns to her companion, who has been trying so hard to be a gentleman worthy of her, and asks: "Dear, what is your first name?" Again and again throughout this good movie, Bogart and Hepburn rise to the demands of a script written with warmth, humor and compassion.

"The African Queen" isn't entirely without faults. Most of it was filmed in Africa under difficult circumstances, and while its backgrounds are authentic, there are times during that long journey on the river when we want to see more of the locale than the river banks and the animals who come to them. The Technicolor, no doubt because of the unfavorable camera conditions, keeps changing in hue. And full well may some audiences object to several of the plot's hair-breath escapes, especially in the last ten minutes when Charlie and Rose complete their mission.

But actually it isn't for its exciting melodrama that you'll remember "The African Queen." More memorable are the intelligent screenplay and John Huston's fine use of camera and sound track to tell the story.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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The Stage

Mrs. McThing

MARY CHASE, who was responsible for "Harvey" has now written a fantasy aimed at children. It is really written *for* children and aimed at their intolerable parents, those dragons of virtue who are always insisting that their young be neatly combed, well mannered, and deprived of comic books.

Mrs. Howard V. Larue II is a typical mother—slightly exaggerated, perhaps, in that she hires an armed bodyguard to supervise her growing boy—who is one day startled to discover that the boy has become as polite, as obedient, and as thoroughly docile as she could wish. The moral of the play is that it serves her right.

Actually—and I'm not going into this in any detail—the newly virtuous child is the fabrication of a witch who lives in the neighborhood. The old crone has whisked the genuine boy off to a world of fabulous mobsters and pleasant crime where, it is felt, he will be happier.

Mama, of course, learns to loathe the little paragon she has inherited, ferrets out the truth, and sets off to gangland herself to earn back her own son's respect and affection. This she does, but not before she has had to wash dishes and sweep floors for the gang and participate in one of their flashier inside jobs.

The plotting is complicated, cockeyed, and wonderfully innocent. Somehow or other Mrs. Chase has managed to blend the contemporary absurdities of Dick Tracy with the traditional fairy-tale business of witches and beautiful godmothers, at the same time leaving room for her own gently satirical point of view. If you had asked me beforehand about this curious merger of simplicity and sophistication, I'd have said it was impossible. That's how much I know.

The playing is perfect. Helen Hayes has simply handed herself over to the part of Mrs. Larue—she believes every word of it—and the joy she communicates through every story-book inflection and posture is as infectious as anything we have had in the theatre in a long, long time. Miss Hayes went onto the professional stage at the age of five, and obviously missed the special exhilaration of giving basement extravaganzas for the kids of the neighborhood. She is making up for it now.

Brandon de Wilde doubles adroitly as the model child and the tolerable one, Lydia Reed plays the witch's daughter with what is clearly supernatural authority, and Jules Munshin is suitably flamboyant as Poison Eddie Schellenbach, master-mind of the Shantyland Pool Hall syndicate. (*At the Martin Beck*)

Dear Barbarians

LEXFORD RICHARDS wrote, and Gant Gaither produced, this strenuous little farce about a girl who wants to marry the young man she has been living with but who has an awfully hard time of it bringing him to heel. Seems the boy is a pompous chap who isn't quite sure, after two and a half years, that he loves the girl sufficiently to commit himself; and he has, besides, a couple of social-minded parents who would like him to curl up with a debutante who has taken to singing in the night clubs.

Mr. Richards invests his comedy with all the airs and graces of polite amorality, but he hasn't the mocking wit to carry it off. He gets about as funny as he's ever going to with a line like "You'll forgive me if I sound like the *Reader's Digest*," and the high point of his structural invention is reached when someone mistakes the boy's mistress for his housemaid.

Mr. Gaither has been concerned to make the production every bit as stylish as the play means to be, and he has succeeded in getting a neat and very pleasant interior from designer Jack Landau. But he has stretched things a bit by adding a small orchestra, operating out of one of the boxes, and an impressionistic front curtain intended to establish the play's mood. I don't really imagine that Mr. Gaither wants to become known as the poor man's Gilbert Miller; if, by any chance, he does, he should be informed at once that there is no such thing as the poor man's Gilbert Miller.

Cloris Leachman, Betsy von Furstenberg, Violet Heming, and Nicholas Joy are expert and attractive people, and it would be nice to see them in something less fancy and more fun. (*Closed at the Royale*)

WALTER KERR.

Communications

Negro Question

Lake Village, Ark.

TO THE Editors: I was interested in your "Communications" on the "Negro Question" in the February 8 issue. I am a Northerner by birth, spent about twelve years in China, where I lived two years under Communism, was thrown into jail and finally given one of Communism's famous "public trials" in which I was condemned as an "enemy of the people" to perpetual banishment from the land and provided with an armed escort for the five-day trip to the Hong Kong border. I landed in America last September, and I am now (one month old) the pastor of a little Negro mission here in the southeast corner of Arkansas.

I have not been living in the South long enough to justify a know-all attitude, but I would like to step up and express a disagreement with the letter from Houston, Texas, written by Joan Cochran, as calmly and kindly as I can. Joan Cochran's attitude struck me as typical of what I would call the "liberal" Southern Catholic, who looks at the condition of the Negro with highly rose-tinted glasses.

Report around here has it that Texas is even worse than Arkansas in the matter of discrimination and segregation. Perhaps Houston is not like the rest of Texas;

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perhaps it is a little oasis of Christianity, where the American ideal blooms without taint of the evil of racism. But my observation tells me that "inequality and injustice" *is* the "atmosphere in which the Southern Negro daily lives." He is pushed to the rear of buses, denied entrance to restaurants, confined (Crucified Christ forgive us!) to the rear pews of the church, stuck into inadequate, overcrowded wards in hospitals, restricted to ramshackle, ill-equipped schools that are very poorly staffed.

I agree that the "Negro deserves better than sentimentalizing"; I agree that we should not put him on a pedestal merely because he is colored; I agree that the solution consists in "seeing the Negro as another child of God." Practically, however, as far as the Negro is concerned, that means, among other things, that you let his children study in the school of his choice, that you let him sit, like you, where he pleases in a bus; eat, like you, in any restaurant in which he can pay the bill; kneel, like you, in any pew in which he feels he can follow the Mass with the greatest devotion.

Above all, the test of your tolerance and Christian charity does not consist in how calmly you throw a Negro into jail for life, but in how calmly you let him sit next to you in the bus, kneel next to you in church, sit at your table in a restaurant, occupy the bed next to yours in a hospital ward, or in how calmly you let his child sit behind yours in school. Around here, white people don't do those things calmly. They don't do them at all.

It's time we were honest with ourselves and took a firm stand on principle. Too long have we played with expediency and opportunism, and compromisd one of the most fundamental doctrines of our Christian Faith.

Any segregation based on race is just as evil as divorce, for example. We don't compromise our stand on divorce merely because a lot of people don't like it. Why should we in the matter of segregation? One is as evil as the other.

WE HAD better face the problem we have as Americans, too. In the two years I spent under Communism, I became convinced that the Communist plan for the conquest of America revolves largely around our so-called race question. If we don't solve that question, and solve it quickly in an American, Christian manner, the Communists will solve it for us. And I'm quite sure my white Southern neighbors won't like the Communist solution. I didn't. The Communists don't make any color distinction. We will all be equal—equal prisoners in the same big jail.

Very many white people make the mistake of thinking that we are a majority in the world. The simple fact is that we are a distinct minority in a dark-skinned world, and first-hand observation in Asia tells me that in that dark-skinned world the dominant white-skinned class in America is suspect because of the oppression and injustice which the dark-skinned people of our own country suffer at our hands.

At the moment, America poses as the champion of democracy and freedom, but the dark-skinned peoples of the world think of Harvey Clark and Cicero, Mr. Moore and Florida, or of Shin Sheng and San Francisco, and they say to one another: "Yeah! Democracy! They mean democracy for the white man, and they want to use us to maintain democracy for themselves." Because our conduct at home belies our words, these dark-skinned peoples of the world think we merely mouth democracy in the same way that the Commies mouth the myth of freedom of religion in Commieland.

Just recently, a friend of mine told me that last November James Carey of the CIO told him that he (Carey) and the other labor people along with the State Department folk "were astounded when the labor groups of Asia told them that the formation of a strong right-wing, pro-America-Democracy bloc was impossible with strong Asiatic 'dark-skinned' ethnocentrism on the rise. These labor groups of Asia said they could not feature any common ground with America because of what they called our 'national hatred' of the darker-skinned people of our own country." America needs friends desperately, and most of its potential friends are dark-skinned. I won't labor the obvious.

Moreover, I suppose my white Southern neighbors love the freedoms and liberties they enjoy as white-skinned Americans. I hope they don't take them for granted. Half the world is now without those freedoms. They can be taken from us, too. And, with the world as it is today, you cannot expect to enjoy your own liberties and freedoms for very long, if at the same time you deny them to a large segment of our population. And more than thirteen million is quite a large segment by anybody's arithmetic.

To a Christian and to an American there really should be no such thing as a "race problem." Where's the problem? To a Christian and to an American, there should be no question of white or black or yellow or red, but only of fellow Christians and fellow Americans. The "problem" would vanish if our race supremicists would judge a man, not by the color of his skin, but by what he is.

(Rev.) LEON SULLIVAN, O.F.M.

Movie Heroes

Cambridge, Mass.

TO the Editors: In response to the letters on my article "The Defective as Movie Hero" (*Feb. 29 issue*):

1. A tragedy is not just a sad story; it is a mystery. You may call it a problem play if you prefer, but the problem it proposes is the metaphysical problem of evil and not a merely psychological, sociological, or ethical one. Tragedy arises from the naturalization of a myth, which is to say, it *is* a myth *about* nature, physical and human. Take any one of the synoptic gospels and strip off the supernatural and miraculous, and you have a tragedy, i.e., a seemingly ambiguous story, producing wonder and mystery, but making no obvious good sense.

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2. The tragic hero struggles against limitations which all men feel, but which most men also find it politic to accept as inevitable. The audience is on the hero's side and yet is prepared to accept his calamitous end as natural. "He shouldn't have stuck his neck out." The representative character of the hero does not arise from his being 'real' in the sense that you might bump into him on the street. The groundlings "identify" with the Prince because he shares *the* human predicament (perhaps his kind uncle is a murderer, or his mother an adulteress; he wonders how these things can be), not because they themselves are familiar with the ways and privileges of princes.

3. The hero's tragic flaw is also his greatness. It is not something about which the chorus or the audience can feel self-righteous. If the hero is in some way "unbalanced," it is not because he is unable to live up to conventional morality, but because he will not live *down* to it. This is both a fault and a virtue in him. He has seen something which makes him believe that life is worthless on the average and mediocre level and which he interprets as an invitation to defy the world. He is not sure whether his vision is from God or the Devil, whether he is a reformer or a criminal. The plot is the working out of the moral order to bring about a complete frustration of the hero's action and the apparent acceptance of that frustration on the part of the hero in a moment of "realization". We are left with the problem of whether the acceptance is due to the flaw in the hero, "almost half in love with death" or to something he sees which we cannot see. The total impact is one of *stasis*. There is nothing further for the hero to do; he is either dead or hopelessly broken. What are we to feel?

4. The essence of tragedy lies in its cyclical and providential plot. Though the hero has his moment of realization, the wheel seems to continue as before. Most criticism based on the goodness of God is just so much eye-wash. If God (or Justice or the Moral Order) is good, it is certainly not *easy* to see how. That is why we find the hero's warfare with God magnificent. Actually the tragedians seem to indicate that the heroic struggle is a sort of game which God plays with Himself. The protagonist is indeed a "puppet victim" because he is not free to change the order of things, but only to realize it. The struggle which the hero offers to his God-given situation is not really action (whether moral or otherwise) but sin, which, as St. Thomas says, is the essence of "failing to act" or of "non-being." Truly to act belongs only to God, although men may participate in this true action by imitation of and docility to God. The tragedian dare not leave his audience feeling that with a "break more or less" (in his favor), the hero might have come off better. The "breaks" were not to be expected because the world is orderly and also just, and has been accurately described in the play.

5. The crux of the problem is whether or not the tragic hero does in fact realize that the moral order is perfect and just. Because he is a man with a tragic flaw, it appears to him that he is being mistreated by the world, whereas it may be that he is "cornering" himself. Everything turns on his private visions and dreams. Are these also a part of God's providence and if so, what do they mean? If I am told that I am to be King, does that mean that I am to make myself a political ruler or does it mean something about the kingdom of God? In so far as the hero acts to change the world rather than self, he makes his private world diabolic. His acceptance of a final calamity (death, insanity) may mean no more than a resignation to being in hell. He may realize that through death or insanity he can perpetuate his egocentric vision of the world and his defective idea of God as permissive of irremediable suffering.

6. Society can be the instrument of justice; I did not deny that. But the instrumentality of society in the moral order is evidenced in the mediocrity of the average man, not in his radical depravity. The same blindness which leads the hero to a defiance of order, leads the chorus to a conformity from which the heroic action is seen to be merely a sacrifice from which we can derive a moral lesson although "we" cannot fully understand its motivation. The chorus is glad that the tragedy is over, and that they were not too much involved in it, and a little bit sorry that the stage is littered with corpses.

7. I don't know how responsible people can "get," but some men, the best, are capable of acting so consonantly with reality as to be lifted entirely out of the realm of suffering and complaint. This is obviously not what happens to the tragic hero, even though he finally accepts his destiny in the midst of his calamity. The central fact of tragedy is found in the prevalence of corpses. It is all very well to talk about transcending death and disaster, but what are you going to do with the corpse (or lunatic) which is left over?

TO PUT it bluntly there must be a resurrection. Until there is, something is rotten in Denmark. Either the hero has been irresponsible in spite of his courage and his undeniable virtues, or there is no real justice. Which is it? Of course, it is the former. By their proud actions the heroes have not acted, i.e. sinned. What was required was not these actions which brought death to their minds and bodies, but a patience that would have brought death to their self-wills. There is a responsibility which knows to what it is responsible. We do not condemn Oedipus for being Oedipus, but we must recognize that he made a mess of it. If anything is to be done about *that* tragedy after all this time, it is up to us. Perhaps we can learn something from tragedy after all—a quite different mode of action, a more responsible sort. But the only possible way to begin is by seeing that Oedipus is not *only* Oedipus; he is also you and I, in fact Everyman. *De te fabula.* There is still time for a resurrection.

EDWIN HALSEY.

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Books

The Groves of Academe. Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

MISS McCARTHY visualizes the world of her novels in terms which are ultimately political, for her conception of the human substance will simply allow for no other interpretation. She dispatches her characters on perilous ideological voyages, weighing them down with all the accumulated intellectual baggage of the overburdened contemporary liberal. But at the end, whether willingly or no, they must submit to the implacable custom-house of her judgment. It is then that Miss McCarthy comes fiercely into her own. Quietly, with sure fingers, she goes about her task of cutting down the human personality to size. How ruthlessly she rifles the pockets of their souls, tears open the seams of their minds, exposes the rent poverty of their hearts! No one quite recognizes himself after the McCarthy treatment: riddled with guilt, fumbling to pay the fine, he gathers up the shabby disarray of his luggage under her anonymous stare. Nor do we readers ourselves delay, for already the cold, bright eye is upon us.

In this, her newest and most ambitious novel, Miss McCarthy is dissecting, with exquisite craft and guile, the *lares et penates* of liberalism. As in *The Oasis,* the pattern of *The Groves of Academe* is formal and ritualistic, but within the rigid circumspection of this design, what a wealth of invention and eloquence and imaginative detail it presents! One had expected style and paradox and coruscating social analysis but nothing in Miss McCarthy's former work indicated the profound intellectual strength or the sustained talent for bravado comedy of this novel.

Miss McCarthy has imagined, in the Jocelyn College of the book, a perfect liberal fright: a nightmare by John Dewey out of the Columbia Teachers College. Jocelyn sees itself as a sort of "reclamation project along the lines of the Grand Coulee or the TVA." Its students — harassed by aptitude tests, psychological questionnaires, blood-sampling and cranial measurements—toil not nor do they spin; they are intended, rather, to be "free, spontaneous and coeducational." The voice of Shakespeare is not heard in this academic wilderness, but applicants are turned away from the Joyce-Proust-Mann seminar. The individual tutorial runs riot, and the field-period ("learn through doing") is indispensable. Poetry conferences, not football rallies, provoke its crises, and at a dance, one may discuss with perfect equanimity Vico's cyclical theory, or the relative merits of Freud *vs.* Jung.

The current master of this progressive paradise is Maynard Hoer, "the photogenic, curly-haired evangelist of the right to teach, leader of torch parades against the loyalty oath, vigorous foe of 'thought control' on the Town Meeting of the Air." His mortal enemy is Henry Mulcahy, an instructor at the college, prophet of James Joyce, who "gladly accepted an identification with the sacred untouchables of the modern martyrology. . . . He carried an ash-plant stick in imitation of Stephen Dedalus; subscribed to *Science and Society* . . . proclaimed the Irish, his ancestors, to be the ten lost tribes of Israel."

When Hoar attempts to drop Mulcahy from Jocelyn, the professional victim sweeps immediately into action, wheedles the support of a dubious faculty, declares himself a former Communist, and then sits back to await the course of liberal justice.

The lambent flame of Miss McCarthy's intelligence plays over this scene, lighting up its comic tensions and political ambiguities with unalloyed pleasure. But above and beyond the clash of battle—the fierce, internecine struggle, with its recriminations and counter-charges— a bell tolls insistently the downfall of this progressive citadel, and a wind has already begun to bring us the smoke of the burning groves of academe.

Mary McCarthy has been censured often for the intransigency of her standards, the cold and steely temper of her mind. Yet to ask for sweetness, for compassion, is, I think, to misread her fundamental intention. No wash of comfortable sentiment will ever blur her incorruptible vision because, for her, commitment would ultimately involve compromise: one misstep, one blunting of the analytic arrow would be fatal.

The talent which is indispensable to this method is not indigenously American, and it was Cyril Connolly who noted shrewdly Miss McCarthy's debt to the European tradition of Congreve and Constant. Yet for all that, she is profoundly our own, committed in the last analysis to that best of all natural goods, the undiminished human quality, the fractious and unruly spirit which alone can check the rise of prefabricated man. *The Groves of Academe* illumines, with great vivacity, the state of our culture, but more importantly —and in a very real sense—the state of our conscience as well.

RICHARD HAYES.

New Directions in Prose and Poetry 13. New Directions. $5.

THE editor of this collection is James Laughlin, proprietor of the New Directions publishing firm. He entered the publishing business fifteen years ago. Appreciating the increasing (and, from the economic viewpoint, increasingly necessary) commercialism of established publishers, he has consistently eschewed the Book-of-the-Month type of book in favor of novels, poetry, plays, critical works outside the general field. These have included writings of Americans and Europeans not popularly recognized, and also reprints of out-of-print classics which deserve survival.

A large proportion of these books were undoubtedly published at a loss. Perhaps a major proportion. Nevertheless, Mr. Laughlin has continued to print—or reprint—books which the commercial publisher would reject or ignore. He has recognized what everyone in the writing profession must recognize: that the poet, the experimental writer, the serious critic, the first novelist or any novelist of integrity, has only the slightest

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chance of being published outside a few "highbrow" or avant-garde magazines.

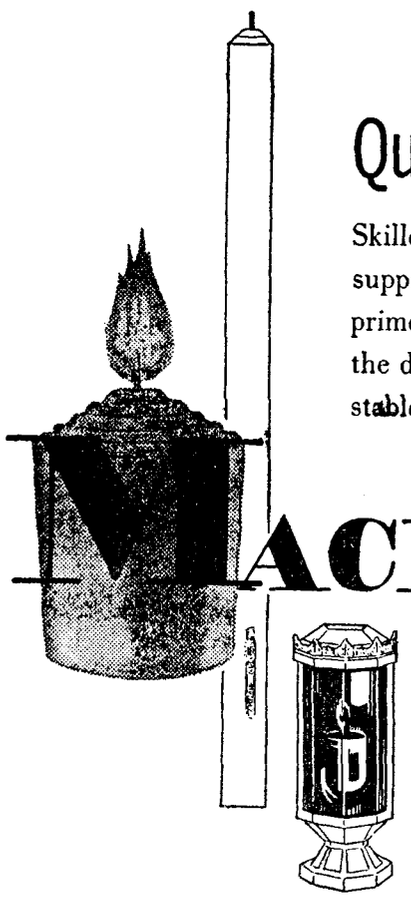
Mr. Laughlin has found, he says in his preface, that publishing prices have doubled within the last few years—as all publishers have found. What is the solution? One was indicated during World War II, owing to material shortages: thinner paper, narrower margins, elimination of jackets, less substantial bindings—all in all, smaller books.

Mr. Laughlin suggests the further possibility of issuing books in paper bindings, as is done in France and Italy (where the normal sales of books are much higher than in this country). This is opposed by American bookstores (paper-bound books do not display so easily and soil more quickly); by libraries, which do not like to have the expense of binding them so they will not be disintegrated by use; by lending libraries, because of their short life; by the reluctance of newspaper and magazine reviewers to give serious attention to a paper-bound book; lastly, by the public's association of paper-bound books with garishly-covered thrillers, and by the reduced display value of such books in the modern house's or apartment's minuscule bookshelves.

Later on in this volume, Harold Guinsburg, president of the Viking Press, discusses the same problem in an article (presumably reprinted from the *Saturday Review of Literature*) appositely titled "A Publisher Takes a Gloomy View." Like New Directions, the Viking Press has been notable for the quality and appearance of its books. Mr. Guinsburg considers that "responsible publishers are more worried at this moment than ever before. They are wondering how long they can continue to issue the kind of books they have always taken for granted would appear on their lists."

For various reasons—movies, radio, television, book clubs, and perhaps most of all the impact of advertising which has enabled certain magazines to achieve their huge circulations while at the same time crushing competition—emphasis has been more and more placed upon the mass audience. Book clubs are a boon to the publisher who happens to have a book selected, and the same is true regarding cut-rate reprinting, but the books selected by the clubs and reprinters are necessarily those which appeal to the common denominator. Significantly, there is a tendency now among publishers—or authors' agents—to try to sell reprint rights before the original book is published. The author benefits, the publisher benefits; but both become increasingly committed to the mass audience. The publisher is increasingly required to reject books he thinks worthy of publication in favor of books he thinks will become heavy sellers.

Mr. Guinsburg cites one exception: the university presses. These have during recent years become increasingly active, but depend in most cases on subsidies; and the author's chief benefit is academic recognition rather than royalties. Publication by uni-



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versity presses constitutes a sort of patronage which, Mr. Guinsburg points out, is scarcely a new idea, and is now provided to writers by several foundations as well as by universities. And yet "the total public and private support in the creative fields is infinitesimal compared to the assistance available for workers in the sciences."

Despite the movies, despite the radio, despite television, there are more books sold in this country than ever before. But the titles and variety are far fewer; more and more bookshops have gone out of existence in favor of cigar stores with a rack of murder mysteries and Westerns or of greeting-card shops with a counter of current best-sellers. Books have joined the mass production line.

To return briefly to the book itself: I haven't read all of it; a 542-page anthology can't and shouldn't be read in a day or even a week. Featured are a long installment of Kenneth Rexroth's hyper-international poem, "The Dragon and the Unicorn" (Mr. Laughlin apologetically comments on Rexroth's "rabid intolerance of the Catholic Church"); selections from the war writings of the influential Frenchman, Jean Paulhan; translations with commentary of modern Greek poets; the inevitable analysis of a chapter of Joyce. Some of the editor's choices—like other works he publishes—don't come off; are avant-garde for avant-garde's sake. Yet Mr. Laughlin should be applauded for putting between covers writers who have so little chance elsewhere.

DAVID BURNHAM.

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*In the Archdiocese of New York, April 27

A Season in England. P. H. Newby. Knopf. $3.

WITH this, his fourth novel, P. H. Newby may be about to emerge from the same sort of coterie cocoon which enveloped Messrs. Waugh and Greene before the last war. As a stylist Newby can make brightness fall from the air onto the printed page comparably well with Waugh, and he has a depth of psychological penetration which places him in a sensory category with Graham Greene.

He is such an impressive stylist that an entire review could easily be written about his word arrangements, chiefly characterized by a chaste, unerring trickery of speech figures and a sensual immediacy in his descriptions of nature:

". . . the pearly English light . . ." writes Mr. Newby, "the much bepubbed village street . . .", ". . . prickly with impatience . . ."

Nature: "There was a great deal of haze and the sun hung, a ball of red fire, over the massed beech trees which shaded the lane. The garden wall was hot to the touch. The earth was dry once more after the rain and fallen rose petals rocked in the slight wind. The dry tang of lavender gave way, as they walked, to the powdery reek of massed geraniums."

And if he can evoke the poignant brevity of bright things in the world about us so, too, can he fill with dust "Helen's eye . . .", Helen being in his narrative pattern a certain Renee

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Nash, voluptuous Greek widow of Guy Nash.

Tom Passmore, a former teaching colleague of Guy Nash at an Egyptian university is in love with the widowed Renee and, relying more upon her helplessness than her interest, asks her to marry him. She refuses proudly and he leaves Cairo, miffed, for a holiday in England. Passmore is determined to inform Guy's parents, who are rather shabby-genteel, of their deceased son's secret marriage to Renee. Passmore thus hoped to win for the destitute Renee a certain legitimate security.

Mr. and Mrs. Nash, living in a rented countryside manor, see their tragically lamented son mirrored in Passmore and, achieving his affection, enweb him in an almost preternatural world of pastoral lushness and Victorian pride which has about it portents of evil and decay.

As Passmore is more and more intrigued by the fragile and lovely dementia of Mrs. Nash and the anarchistic respectability of Mr. Nash, this reader sensed an odd chemistry of atmosphere reminiscent of both the lotus-eating passivity of *South Wind* and the stark terror of *The Turn of the Screw*.

Whatever the influences or lack of them, Mr. Newby has blended the elements of style, satire, the sense of evil and psychological insight into an uncommonly fine novel.

He brings Renee abruptly onto the scene before Passmore has effected his mission and the tides of love, hate, envy, frustration and even murder swirl about these four with the highest fascination for the reader.

If there is something to be said against the work it is, possibly, that we are absorbed in its psychological and dramatic snares almost against our will. This may be true because of the heavy atmosphere of depression which Mr. Newby can create—one which tends emotionally to exhaust at the same time that it has pinned the reader's consciousness to the story until the final word.

One suspects that Mr. Newby's literary star had risen some time before the issuance of this work. It is just that more of us will now get to view it.

JOE DEVER.

Back of Town. Maritta Wolff. Random House. $3.50.

THERE is a cartoon which turns up once a year about a landscape painter who does his stuff on wallpaper rolls and sells it by the yard. Obviously a student of the relations between art and literature, Miss Wolff here adapts the technique to the novel and offers her fourth, a solid mile of yard goods.

The story itself is in the yard-goods tradition of afternoon radio. Sherry Lockbridge (a radio name if there ever was one) returns to his old home town after an unsuccessful career as errand-boy, insurance-agent, gambler, out in Hollywood (there's another). With him is Fay (look!), his formerly beautiful, now cancerous and dying wife. To meet him, besides his moronic home town family, is an old playmate, Nella (again). Sherry is devoted to his wife but it was Nella

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Chairman: Norman Thomas

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he really loved all the time. At the end of the first thirteen weeks, Sherry and Nella are tacitly agreed to resume their courtship after Fay's expected funeral. The old devil sex, however, is so strong in the hero that, having failed to break down Nella's respect for the dying, he releases his pent-up drives with Tude (yep), a child of the storm whom Nella has befriended. It only happens once, but it produces an interesting condition in Tude, and, just as the option is up, Fay extracts his promise to marry Tude and dies happy.

After the funeral, Sherry, drunk and disordered, does marry Tude, but it is a marriage in name only. In fact, he sets up housekeeping with Nella. Compressed like this, the story sounds incredible; measured out in the book, it's worse. Tude tries to murder the lovers, fails, and sticks her head in the oven. After that funeral, the road to happiness seems open, but Nella and Sherry slip into a series of spats and reconciliations, ending in one big spat after which Sherry climbs on the bus. The way things have been going, you don't know till the last sentence whether Nella will climb on the bus too. She doesn't, but you don't much care.

A lot of the story is told in dialogue. Miss Wolff has given much study to the idiom of the small town bar-and-grill. She's captured it all right, she can turn the trick, but the trick gets tiresome in four hundred pages. The characters all talk a bright, Milton Caniff-like slang. One of the minor people distinguishes himself by never saying anything but, "Well, how about that!" The rest are hard to tell apart. Nella and Sherry take turns saying, "This I been waiting for," in alternate scenes, giving rise to the wholly false impression that they are pretty patient people. All through the book people keep saying—and we can do no better than to join the chorus—"Oh brother!" This we have not been waiting for.

FRANK GETLEIN.

The Americans at Home. David Macrae. E. P. Dutton. $4.50.

THE Reverend David Macrae, a Scotch clergyman, came to this country in 1868. He was a very inquiring and observing soul, and he came away with enough material to make a large and, on the whole, entertaining book. It was first published in 1871, but never before in this country. It records the more intimate side of American life of the time, and, incidentally, offers some personal glimpses of famous Americans, among them Henry Ward Beecher, Wendell Phillips, Longfellow, Lowell, Agassiz, Emerson and others of the Harvard circle. Not that Macrae's travels were confined to New England. Indeed, starting in Canada, he worked his way south along the Eastern Seaboard and, after venturing inward, he went as far west and south as New Orleans.

An omniverous observer, nothing about the life of Americans seems to have escaped his eye. His book is full of those little homely touches which convey a sense of reality intriguing to the American reader today, who is thus given an opportunty to compare life nearly a hundred years ago with life today. He need not be surprised if some things remain unchanged. For example, woman's addiction to "window shopping" was fully as prevalent then as it is today. Some astonishment is expressed, too, on men's addiction to pies. Children seem to have ruled their parents as they do now, even in New England, where the traveler heard a lady say: "I am learning to be a *docile parent!*" The humorous author comments that the new commandment should be: "Parents, obey your children in all things." Indeed, there is the suggestion that some American stores instead of bearing the sign of "John Smith and Son" should have the sign, "J. Smith and Father." On the other hand, women, with more sense than today, did not like to appear scrawny and, instead of boasting of leanness induced by diet, were proud of every ounce they added to their weight!

In a chapter, ironically entitled "The Emancipated Whites" the author dwells on the ultimate benefits accruing to the whites from their enforced freedom from the stigma due to the keeping of slaves. He is also a firm believer in the fact that eventually the black man, liberated from

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conditions of slavery, would learn to develop his mental faculties as the white man has developed his, and that the future would reveal many brilliant brains among those who never before had the opportunity to show of what they were capable.

The author found traveling in this country more comfortable and less fatiguing than in his own. He must have been a robust, sturdy man, however, for he was undaunted by the warning not to travel up the Mississippi in a steamboat; he appears to have enjoyed it thoroughly, even as he did the luxury steamers on the Hudson, and his only complaint, sounding odd to our dollar-inflated times, is the expense, about five dollars a day, which included "everything, passage-money, bedroom, meals and service."

This is an instructive book, quotable in the extreme; a piece of authentic Americana.

JOHN COURNOS.

Man and Society. Francis J. Haas. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $4.50.

A RE-ISSUE of a standard socio-economic study, first written in 1930. The author, now Bishop of the Grand Rapids diocese, has completely revised the work and brought it up to date. Designed as a college text, the book should have a strong appeal to all who wish to understand modern social life

REVIEWERS

Richard Hayes, who recently completed his graduate studies at Columbia, writes movie reviews and literary criticism for several Catholic publications.

David Burnham is the author of *Winter in the Sun* and *Last Act in Bermuda*.

Joe Dever is the author of two novels. His home is in Boston.

Frank Getlein is associated with the Spaeth Foundation in New York.

John Cournos is an anthologist and critic whose work appears in many American periodicals.

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Elements of Freedom IV

There is another kind of rationalization of political life: not an artistic or technical, but a moral rationalization. This means the recognition of the essentially human ends of political life, and of its deepest springs: justice, law and mutual friendship. It also means a ceaseless effort to make the living, moving structures and organs of the body politic serve the common good, the dignity of the human person, and the sense of fraternal love.

To submit the huge material conditioning (both natural and technical) and the heavy setting up of conflicting interests, power and coercion inherent in social life, to the form and regulations of human reason spurring human freedom. And to base political activity not on childish greed, jealousy, selfishness, pride and guile—claims to prestige and domination transformed into sacred rules of the most serious game—but instead on a grown-up awareness of the innermost needs of mankind's life, of the real requirements of peace and love, and of the moral and spiritual energies of man.

That way of rationalizing politics was shown us by Aristotle and the great philosophers of antiquity, then by the great medieval thinkers. After a rationalistic stage, in which some basic errors preyed upon it and vast illusions fostered genuine human hopes, it resulted in the democratic conception put into force during the last century.

Something particularly significant must be stressed at this point: democracy is the only way of bringing about a ***moral rationalization*** of politics. Because democracy is a rational organization of freedoms founded upon law.

—Jacques Maritain in The Commonweal (February 2, 1951)

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